. Mrs. Abington as Estifania.

RULE A WIFE

AND

HAVE A WIFE.

A COMEDY.

ALTERED FROM

BEAUMONT and *FLETCHER*,

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGERS' BOOK,

AT THE

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT GARDEN.

MEN.

Duke of Medina,	—	Mr. Palmer.
Don Juan de Caſtro	—	Mr. Davies.
Sanchio	—	Mr. Thompſon.
Alonzo	—	Mr. Fearon.
Michael Perez	—	Mr. Lewes.
Leon	—	Mr. Holman.
Cacafogo	—	Mr. Booth.

WOMEN.

Margarita	—	Mrs. Inchbald.
Altea	—	Mrs. Davenet.
Clara	—	Miſs Plat.
Eſtifania	—	Mrs. Abington.
An Old Woman	—	Mrs. Pitt.
Maid	—	Mrs. Pointer.

RULE A WIFE
AND
HAVE A WIFE.

ACT I. SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter Juan de Caſtro *and* Perez.

Per. ARE your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, ſir:
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How riſes your command?

Per. We pick up ſtill,
And as our monies hold out, we have men come.
About that time I think we ſhall be full too:
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd:
There's one Don Leon, a ſtrange goodly fellow,
Commended to me from ſome noble friends.

Per. I've heard of him, and that he hath ſerv'd before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don Michael,
That came to my ears yet: aſk him a queſtion,
He bluſhes like a girl, and anſwers little,
To the point leſs;
I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that ſaw him angry.

Per. Preſerve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be,
Many as ſtout as he will go along with us,
That ſwear as va iantly as heart can wiſh,
Their mouths charg'd with ſix oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, ſuch we muſt look for: but Michael Perez,
When heard you of Donna Margarita, the great heireſs?

Per. I hear every hour of her, tho' I ne'er ſaw her,
She is the main diſcourſe: noble Don Juan de Caſtro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at eaſe! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too

In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But ſhe is proud, ſir, that I own for certain,
And that comes ſeldom without wantonneſs;
He that ſhall marry her muſt have a rare hand.

Per. Wou'd I were married, I wou'd find that wiſdom
With a light rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman
Of the moſt ſubtle mould went beyond me,
I'd give boys leave to hoot me out o' the pariſh.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to ſpeak with you.

Juan. Wait on 'em in.

Per. Are they two handſome women?

Ser. They ſeem ſo, very handſome, but they're veil'd ſir,

Per. Thou put'ſt ſugar in my mouth, how it melts with me!
I love a ſweet young wench.

Juan. Wait on them in, I ſay. [*Exit Servant.*

Per. Don Juan.

Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burniſh!
Will not this ſoldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?

Per. There be two.

Juan. Say, honeſty, what ſhame have you then?

Per. I wou'd fain ſee that,
I've been in the Indies twice, and have ſeen ſtrange things,
But for two honeſt women;——one I read of once.

Juan. Prythee be modeſt.

Per. I'll be any thing.

Enter Servant, Donna Clara *and* Eſtifania *veiled.*

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.

Per. Both hooded! I like 'em well though;
They come not for advice in law ſure hither;
They're very modeſt; 'tis a fine preludium.

Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, wou'd you ſpeak, lady?

Cla. With you, ſir, as I gueſs, Juan de Caſtro.

Per. Her curtain opens, ſhe is a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and ſhall be bound to fortune,
I may do any ſervice to your beauties.

Cla. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To ſerve the Catholic king.

Juan. I am, ſweet lady.
Cla. I have a kinſman, and a noble friend.
Employ'd in thoſe wars; may be, ſir, you knew him.
Don Campuſano, captain of Carbines,
To whom I would requeſt your nobleneſs,
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*
Juan. I ſhall do it;
I know the gentleman, a moſt worthy captain.
Cla. Something in private.
Juan. Step aſide: I'll ſerve thee.
[*Exeunt* Juan *and* Clara.
Per. Pr'ythee let me ſee thy face.
Eſtif. Sir, you muſt pardon me,
Women of our ſort that maintain fair memories,
And keep ſuſpect off from their chaſtities,
Had need wear thicker veils.
Per. I am no blaſter of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her ſpecial favours;
I know your tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preſerv'd,
Lady, you may to me.
Eſtif. You muſt excuſe, ſeignior, I come
Nor here to ſell myſelf.
Per. As I'm a gentleman, by the honour of a ſoldier.
Eſtif. I believe you.
I pray be civil; I believe you'd ſee me,
And when you've ſeen me I believe you'll like me.
But in a ſtrange place, to a ſtranger too,
As if I came on purpoſe to betray you,
Indeed I will not.
Per. I ſhall love you dearly,
And 'tis a ſin to fling away affection.
I have no miſtreſs, no deſire to honour
Any but you. ——
I know not you have ſtruck me with your modeſty,
That you have taken from me
All the deſire I might beſtow on others——
Quickly before they come.
Eſtif. Indeed I dare not:
But ſince I ſee you are ſo deſirous, ſir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance.
Per. It muſt need be excellent.
Eſtif. And with what honeſty you aſk it of me;
When I am going, let your man follow me,

And view what houſe I enter, thither come,
For there I dare be bold to appear open;
As I like your virtuous carriage, then
Enter Juan *and* Clara.
I ſhall be able to give welcome to you.
She'th done her buſineſs, I muſt take my leave, ſir,
Per. I'll kiſs your fair white hand, and thank you, lady.
My man ſhall wait. and I ſhall be your ſervant;
Sirrah, come near, hark.
Enter Perez's *Servant.*
Ser. I ſhall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*
Juan. You will command me more ſervices?
Cla. To be careful of your noble health, dear ſir,
That I may ever honour you.
Juan. I thank you,
And kiſs your hands. Wait on the ladies down there.
[*Exeunt Ladies and Don* Juan's *Servant.*
Per. You had the honour to ſee the face that came to you?
Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was your's, Don Michael?
Per. Mine was i' th' eclipſe, and had a cloud drawn over it.
But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handſome,
She had a hand would ſtir a holy hermit,
Juan. You know none of 'em?
Per. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain.
But I'll ſay nothing till I ſee the proof on't?
Sit cloſe, Don Perez, or your worſhip's caught.
Per. Were thoſe ſhe brought love letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinſman now in Flanders;
Your's was very modeſt, methought,
Per. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to ſee.
Juan. 'Tis worth experience;
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a ſtreet.*

Enter Eſtifania *acroſs the ſtage, a Servant of* Michael Perez *following.*
Serv. 'Tis this or that houſe, or I've loſt my aim,
They're both fair buildings,——ſhe walk'd plaguy faſt,
Re-enter Eſtifania, *curtſies and exit.*
And hereabouts I loſt her; ſtay, that's ſhe,
'Tis

'Tis very she——she makes me a low curt'sy!
Let me note the place, the ſtreet I well remember. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a chamber in* Margarita's *houſe.*

Enter three old ladies.

1*ſt Lady.* What ſhou'd it mean, that in ſuch haſte we're ſent for?

2*d Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has ſome buſineſs
She'd break to us in private,

3*d Lady.* It ſhou'd ſeem ſo.
'Tis a good lady and a wiſe young lady.

2*d Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye;
For a young woman of her years; 'tis a pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3*d Lady.* 'Tis more ſometimes than we can well away with.

Enter Altea.

Alt. Good-morrow, ladies.

All. Morrow, my good madam.

1*ſt Lady.* How does the ſweet young beauty lady Margaret?

2*d Lady.* Has ſhe ſlept well after her walk laſt night?

1*ſt Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Alt. All's wells
She's very well, ſhe ſent for you thus ſuddenly
To give her counſel in a buſineſs
That much concerns her.

2*d Lady.* She does well and wiſely.

Alt. She wou'd fain marry.

1*ſt Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beſeems her years: who wou'd ſhe yoke with?

Alt. That's left to argue on. I pray come in
And break your faſt, drink a good cup or two,
To ſtrengthen your underſtandings, then ſhe'll tell ye.

2*d Lady.* And good wine breeds good counſel, we'll yield to ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *a ſtreet.*

Enter Juan de Caſtro *and* Leon.

Juan. Have you ſeen any ſervice?

Leon. Yes

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore ye?

Leon. None, I was not worthy.

Juan. What captians know you?

Leon. None, they were above me.

Juan.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?
Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I ſtole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray aſk me no long queſtions, I've an ill memory.
Juan. This is an aſs; did you ne'er draw your ſword yet?
Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en priſoner?
Leon. No, I ran away,
For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ache.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?
Leon. I think not, but I am loving, ſir.
Juan. What a lump is this man;
Was your father wiſe?
Leon. Too wiſe for me, I'm ſure,
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no fooliſh part, I'll bear you witneſs.
Canſt thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make ſhift, ſir;
But I am baſhful.
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not,
Darkneſs indeed may do ſome good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou ſent to be my officer,
Ay, and a commander too when thou darſt not fight?
Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, ſir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou 'ſcape a bullet?
Leon. Why by chance,
They aim at honourable men, alas, I'm none, ſir.
Juan. This fellow has ſome doubts in his talk that ſtrike me.

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool: welcome, Alonzo.
Alon. What have you got there, temperance into your company?
The ſpirit of peace? We ſhall have wars by the ounce then. *Enter* Cacaſogo.
Oh, here's another pumpion;
The cramm'd ſon of a ſtarv'd uſurer, Cacaſogo:
Both their brains butter'd, cannot make two ſpoonfuls.
Caca. My father's dead: I am a man of war too,
Monies, demeſnes; I've ſhips at ſea too, captains.

Juan.

Juan. Take heed o'the Hollanders, your ſhips may leak elſe.

Caca. I ſcorn the Hollanders, they are drunkards.

Alon. Put up your gold, ſir, I will borrow it elſe.

Caca. I am ſatisfied you ſhall not.
Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger inſtantly.

Leon. I never wrong'd ye.

Caca. Thou'ſt wrong'd mine honour.
Thou look'd'ſt upon my miſtreſs thrice laſciviouſly,
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourſelf, you will ſurfeit.

Caca. Thou won'ſt my money too, with a pair of baſe bones,
In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much, now I will hurt thee dangerouſly.
This ſhall provoke thee. [*He ſtrikes.*

Leon. I cannot chooſe but kick again, pray pardon me.

Caca. Hadſt thou not aſk'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee:
I leave thee as a thing deſpis'd, *baſo las manos a voſtra Seigniora.* [*Exit* Caca.

Alon. You've 'ſcap'd by miracle, there is not in all
A ſpirit of more fury than this fire-drake. [Spain.

Leon. I ſee he's haſty, and I' give him leave
To beat me ſoundly if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What ſhall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off,
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About ſome week hence, ſir,
If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You ſhall hear from me.

Leon. I deſire no better- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a *chamber in* Margarita's *houſe.*

Enter Eſtifania and Perez.

Per. You've made me now too bountiful amends lady,
For your ſtrict carriage when you ſaw me firſt:
Theſe beauties were not meant to be conceal'd,
It was a wrong to hide ſo ſweet an object,
I cou'd now chide ye, but it ſhall be thus;
No other anger ever touch your ſweetneſs.

Eſtif. Y' appear to me ſo honeſt, and ſo civil,
Without a bluſh, ſir, I dare bid you welcome.

Per. Now let me aſk your name.

Eſtif.

Eſtif. 'Tis Eſtifania, the heir of this poor place.
Per. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I caſt my eyes upon,
But ſhews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princeſs were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing ſo curious:
Is all that plate your own too?
Eſtif. 'Tis but little;
Only for preſent uſe; I've more and richer
When need ſhall call, or friends compel me uſe it;
The ſuits you ſee of all the upper chamber
Are thoſe that commonly adorn the houſe;
I think I have beſides, as fair as Seville,
Or any town in Spain can parallel.
Per. Now if ſhe be not married, I have ſome hopes,
Are you a maid?
Eſtif. You make me bluſh to anſwer;
I ever was accounted ſo to this hour,
And that's the reaſon that I live retir'd, ſir.
Per. Then would I counſel you to marry preſently,
(If I can get her I am made for ever) [*Aſide.*
For every year you loſe, you loſe a beauty;
A huſband now, an honeſt careful huſband,
Were ſuch a comfort: will ye walk above ſtairs?
Eſtif. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, ſir,
Above there are day-beds, and ſuch temptations
I durſt not truſt, ſir.
Per. She's excellent wiſe withal too.
Eſtif. You nam'd a huſband; I am not ſo ſtrict, ſir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's ſolitarineſs,
But if an honeſt, and a noble one,
Rich, and a ſoldier, for I've vow'd he ſhall be,
Were offer'd me, I think, I ſhould accept him;
But above all he muſt love.
Per. He were baſe elſe.
There's comfort miniſter'd in the word ſoldier;
How ſweetly ſhould I live!
Eſtif. I'm not ſo ignorant,
But that I know well how to be command'd,
And how again to make myſelf obey'd, ſir;
I waſte but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the leſs worth, when 'tis ſpent,
If ſpent by my direction; to pleaſe my huſband,
I hold it is as indifferent in my duty,

To be his maid i' the kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myself, the miſtreſs.
Per. Sweet, rich and provident, now fortune ſtick to me;
I am a ſoldier, and a bachelor, lady,
And ſuch a wife as you I could love infinitely;
They that uſe many words ſome are deceitful;
I long to be a huſband, and a good one,
For 'tis more certain I ſhall make a precedent
For all that follow me to love their ladies:
I'm young you ſee, able I'd have you think too.
If't pleaſe you know, try me before you take me.
'Tis true I ſhall not meet in equal wealth with ye,
But jewels, chains, ſuch as the war has giv'n me,
A thouſand ducats too in ready gold,
As rich cloaths too as any he bears arms, lady.
Eſtif. You're a gentleman, and fair, I ſee by ye,
And ſuch a man I'd rather take—
Per. Pray do ſo,
I'll have a prieſt o' the ſudden.
Eſtif. And as ſuddenly
You will repent too.
Per. I'll hang'd or drown'd firſt,
By this and this, and this kiſs.
Eſtif. You're a flatterer,
But I muſt ſay there was ſomething when I ſaw you
Firſt, in that noble face, that ſtirred my fancy.
Per. I'll ſtir it better ere you ſleep, ſweet lady.
I'll ſend for all my trunks and give up all to ye,
Into your own diſpoſe, before I bed ye;
And then, ſweet wench.
Eſtif. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *an apartment in* Margarita's *houſe.*

Enter Margarita, *two Ladies, and* Altea.

Mar. COME, ſit down, and give me your opinions ſeriouſly.
1ſt Lady. You ſay you have a mind to marry, lady.
Mar. 'Tis true I have, for to preſerve my credit,
I deſire my pleaſure, and pleaſure I muſt have.
2d Lady. 'Tis fit you ſhould have,
Your years require it, and 'tis neceſſary,

As

As neceſſary as meat to a young lady ;
Sleep cannot nouriſh more.

1ſt Lady. But might not all this be, and keep ye ſingle?
You take away variety in marriage,
Th' abundance of the pleaſure you are barr'd then ;
Is't not abundance that you aim at ?

Mar. Yes, why was I made a woman ?

2d Lady. And ev'ry day a new ?

Mar. Why fair and young, but to uſe it ?

1ſt Lady. You're ſtill i' th' right, why would you marry then ?

Alt. Becauſe a huſband ſtops all doubts in this point,
And clears all paſſages.

2d Lady. What huſband mean ye ?

Alt. A huſband of an eaſy faith, a fool,
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleaſure ;
One though he ſee himſelf become a monſter,
Shall hold the door and entertain the maker.

2d Lady. You grant there may be ſuch a man ?

1ſt Lady. Yes, marry, but how to bring them to this rare perfection ?

2d Lady. They muſt be choſen ſo, things of no honour
Nor outward honeſty.

Mar. No, 'tis no matter,
I care not what they are, ſo they be luſty.

2d Lady. Methinks now, a rich lawyer; ſome ſuch fellow,
That carries credit, and a face of awe.

Mar. No, there's no truſting them ; they are too ſubtle.
The law has moulded 'em of natural miſchief

1ſt Lady. Then, ſome grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an eaſy man.

Mar. If he have honour, I'm undone ; I'll none ſuch.

Alt. With ſearch, and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect.

Mar. Is he gentleman ? him,

Alt. Yes, and a ſoldier, but as gentle as you'd wiſh
A good fellow, and has good cloaths, if he knew how to wear 'em.

Mar. Thoſe I'll allow him ;
They are for my credit ; does he underſtand
But little.

Alt. Very little.

Mar. 'Tis the better ;

Have

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?
Alt. No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or ſober, he's one ſilence.
Mar. H' has no capacity what honour is?
For that's the ſoldier's god.
Alt. Honour's a thing too ſubtle for his wiſdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Mar. Is he ſo goodly a man do you ſay?
Alt. As you ſhall ſee, lady;
But to all this he's but a trunk.
Mar. I'd have him ſo.
Go, find me out this man, and let me ſee him,
If he be that motion that you tell me of,
And make no more noiſe, I ſhall entertain him,
Let him be here.
Alt. He ſhall attend your ladyſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter Juan, Alonzo, *and* Perez.

Juan. Why thou'rt not married indeed?
Per. No, no, pray think ſo;
Alas I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Nor worth a lady's eye.
Alon. Wou'dſt ſteal a fortune,
And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Per. No indeed.
There was no wiſdom in't to bid an artiſt,
An old ſeducer, to a female banquet:
I can cut up my pye without your inſtructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i' the veil!
Per. Baſta, 'twas ſhe,
The prettieſt rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'ſt thief.
Juan. And is ſhe rich withal too?
Per. A mine, a mine, there is no end of wealth, colonel,
I am an aſs, a baſhful fool; prythee, colonel, [nel.
How do thy companies fill now?
Juan. You're merry, ſir,
You intend a ſafer war at home belike now.
Per. I do not think I ſhall fight much this year, colonel.
I find myſelf giv'n to my eaſe a little,
I care not if I ſell my fooliſh company,
They're things of hazard.
Alon. How it angers me,

This fellow at first sight should win a lady,
A rich young wench;
When shall we come to thy house and be freely merry?
Per. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have an house to maintain an army.
Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come to thee.
Per. Where they'll get entertainment is the point,
I beat no drum. [Signior;

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress, sir, is sick, because you're absent,
She mourns, and will not eat.
Per. Alas, my jewel:
Come, I'll go with thee: gentlemen your fair leaves,
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke,
Pray pardon me; wou'd ye had both such loving wives.
Juan. I thank ye [*Exeunt* Per. *and* Servant.
For your old boots; never be blank, Alonzo,
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune:
Come, let's to dinner, when Margarita comes
We'll visit both, it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter Margarita, Altea, *and* Ladies.

Mar. Is he come?
Alt. Yes, madam, h' has been this half hour.
I've question'd him of all you can ask him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man:
Mar. Call him in, Altea. [*Exit* Altea.

Enter Leon *and* Altea.

A man of a comely countenance, pray ye come this way;
Is his mind so tame?
Alt. Pray question him, and if you find him not
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.
Mar. Can ye love a young lady? how he blushes!
Alt. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And speak to th' lady.
Leon. Yes, I think I can,
A man must be taught. I know not what it means, madam.
Mar. You shall be taught; and can you when the pleases,
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,
And money in your purse.
Leon. Yes, I love riding.
And when I am from home I am so merry.
Mar. As merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,

When

When you are ſent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady who loves you?
Leon. Yes ſure, I ſhall.
Mar. And when you ſee her friends here,
Or noble kinſmen, can you entertain
Their ſervants in the cellar, and be abuſed,
And hold your peace, whate'er you ſee here?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd elſe.
Mar. Come, ſalute me.
Leon. Ma'am.
Mar. How the fool ſhakes! I will not eat you, ſir,
Can't you ſalute me?
Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyſhip will pleaſe to inſtruct me,
Sure I ſhall learn.
Mar. Come on then.
Leon. Come on then. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. You ſhall then be inſtructed.
If I ſhould be this lady that affects ye.
Nay ſay I marry ye?
Ait. Hark to the lady.
Mar. What money have ye?
Leon. None, madam, nor no friends,
I would do any thing to ſerve your ladyſhip.
Mar. You muſt not look to be my maſter, ſir,
Nor talk i' the houſe as though you wore the breeches,
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not,
Alas, I am not able, I've no wit, madam.
Mar. Nor do not labour to arrive at any,
'Twill ſpoil your head. I take ye upon charity,
And like a ſervant ye muſt be unto me,
Can you mark theſe?
Leon. Yes indeed, forſooth.
Mar. There is one thing,
That if I take ye in I put ye from me,
Utterly from me, you muſt not be ſaucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me,
Scarce know me, when I call ye not.
Leon. I will not. Alas, I never knew myſelf ſuffi-
Mar. Nor muſt not now. [ciently.
Leon. I'll be a dog to pleaſe ye.
Mar. Indeed you muſt fetch and carry as I appoint ye.
Leon. I were to blame elſe.
Mar. Kiſs me again. If you ſee me

Kiſs any other, twenty in an hour, ſir,
You muſt not ſtart, nor be offended.
Leon. No. If you kiſs a thouſand I ſhall be contented,
It will the better teach me how to pleaſe ye.
Alt. I told ye, madam.
Mar. 'Tis the man I wiſh'd for; the leſs you ſpeak—
Leon. I'll never ſpeak again, madam;
But when you charge me, then I'll ſpeak ſoftly too.
Mar. Get me a prieſt, I'll wed him inſtantly.
But when you're married, ſir, you muſt wait on me,
And ſee ye obſerve my laws.
Leon. Elſe you ſhall hang me.
Mar. I'll give ye better cloaths when you deſerve 'em.
Come in, and ſerve for witneſſes.
Omnes. We ſhall, madam.
Mar. And then away to the city preſently,
I'll to my new houſe and new company.
Leon. A thouſand crowns are thine: I'm a made man.
Alt. Do not break out too ſoon.
Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a great ſaloon.*

Enter Clara, *and* Eſtifania, *with a paper.*

Cla. What, have you caught him?
Eſtif. Yes.
Cla. And do you find him
A man of thoſe hopes that you aim'd at!
Eſtif. Yes, too;
And the moſt kind man,
I find him rich too, Clara.
Cla. Haſt thou married him? [wench,
Eſtif. What doſt thou think I fiſh without a bait,
I bob for fools: he is mine own. I have him,
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout,
And as I caſt it, ſo I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've ſtow'd at my devotion.
Cla. Does the lady know this? ſhe's coming now to town,
Now to live here in this houſe.
Eſtif. Let her come,
She ſhall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad ſure if ſhe be angry at my fortune,
For what I've made bold.
Cla. Doſt thou love him?
Eſtif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he ſtays and looks no farther

Into

Into my end; but when he doubts, I have him,
And that wife hate will teach me how to cozen him

Enter Perez.

O here he is, now you shall see a kind man.
Per. My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou may'st for me.
Estif. I cannot eat else.
Per. I never enter but methinks a paradise
Appears about me.
Estif. You're welcome to it, sir.
Per. I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench,
Methinks the richest too. we'll eat i' the garden
In one o'the arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant,
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?
Estif. A friend of mine, sir.
Per. Of what breeding?
Estif. A gentlewoman, sir.
Per. What business has she?
Is she a learned woman in the mathematics?
Can she tell fortunes?
Estif. More than I know, sir.
Per. Or has she ever a letter from a kinswoman
That must be delivered in my absence, wife,
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,
And learn your health? she looks not like a confessor.
Estif. What need all this? why are you troubled, sir?
What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold ye,
She is a woman, sir, a very woman.
Per. Your very woman may do very well, sir,
Towards the matter, for though she cannot perform it
In her person, she may do't by proxy,
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.
Estif. Cry ye mercy, husband, you are jealous then
And happly suspect me.
Per. No indeed, wife.
Estif. Methinks you should not till you have more cause,
And clearer too: I'm sure you have heard say, husband,
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron.
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented
May be taught tricks.
Per. No, no, I do but jest with ye.
Estif. To-morrow friend, I'll see you.
Cla. I shall leave ye

Till then, and pray all may go ſweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

[*A knock at the door.*

Eſtif. Why, where's this girl? who's at the door?

Per. Who knocks there?

Is't for the king you come, ye knock ſo boiſterouſly?

Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady, as I live, miſtreſs, my lady's come,

She's at the door, I peept through, I ſaw her,

And a ſtately company of ladies with her,

Eſtif. This was a week too ſoon, but I muſt meet with her,

And ſet a new wheel going, and a ſubtle one,

Muſt blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

Per. What are they at the door?

Eſtif. Such, my Michael,

As you may bleſs the day they enter'd here,

Such for our good.

Per. 'Tis well.

Eſtif. Nay, 'twill be better

If you will let me but diſpute the buſineſs,

And be a ſtranger to't, and not diſturb me.

What have I now to do but to advance your fortune?

Per. Do, I dare truſt thee, I'm aſham'd I was angry,

I find thee a wife young wife.

Eſtif. I'll wife your worſhip

Before I leave ye;—[*Aſide*] pray ye walk by and ſay nothing,

Only ſalute them, and leave the reſt to me, ſir.

I was born to make ye a man.

Per. The rogue ſpeaks heartily,

Her good-will colours in her cheeks, I'm born to love her,

I muſt be gentle to theſe tender natures;

A ſoldier's rude harſh words beſt not ladies,

Nor muſt we talk to them as we talk to our officers.

I'll give her her way, for 'tis for me ſhe works now;

I am huſband, heir, and all ſhe has.

Enter Margarita, Leon, Alva, *and Ladies.*

Who're theſe, I hate ſuch flaunting things?

A woman of rare preſence! excellent fair;

This is too big ſure for a bawdy-houſe,

Too open ſeated too.

Eſtif. My huſband, lady.

Mar. You've gained a proper man.

Per. Whate'er I am, I am your ſervant, lady. [*Kiſſes.*

Eſtif. Sir, be rul'd now, [*Apart to* Perez.
And I ſhall make y: rich; this is my couſin,
That gentleman dotes on her, even to death;
See how he obſerves her.
Per. She is a goodly woman.
Eſtif. She is a mirror.
But ſhe is poor, ſhe were for a prince's ſide elſe.
This houſe ſhe has brought him to as to her own,
And preſuming upon me, and my courteſy;
Conceive me ſhort, he knows not but ſhe is wealthy.
Per. Forward, ſhe's a rare face.
Eſtif. This we muſt carry with diſcretion, huſband,
And yield unto her for four nays.
Per. Yield our houſe up, our goods, and wealth?
Eſtif. All this but ſeeming. Do you ſee this writing?
Two hundred pounds a year, when they are married,
Has ſhe ſeal'd to for our good; the time is unfit now,
I'll ſhew it you to-morrow?
Per. All the houſe?
Eſtif. All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm him.
They'll into the country ſuddenly again
After they are match'd, and then ſhe'll open to him.
Per. The whole poſſeſſion, wife? look what you do;
A part o' the houſe.
Eſtif. No, no, they ſhall have all,
And take their pleaſure too. 'Tis for our 'vantage.
Why what's four days? had you a ſiſter, ſir,
A niece or miſtreſs, that requir'd this courteſy,
And ſhould I make a ſcruple to do you good?
Per. If eaſily it would come back.
Eſtif. I ſwear, ſir, as eaſily as it came on;
You give away no houſe.
Per. Clear but that queſtion.
Eſtif. I'll put the writings into your hand.
Per. Well then.
Eſtif. And you ſhall keep them ſafe.
Per. I'm ſatisfied.
Would I had the wench ſo too. [*Aſide.*
Eſtif. When ſhe has married him
So infinite his love is linkt unto her.
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch
May have heav'n knows what.
Per. I'll remove my trunks ſtraight,
And take ſome poor houſe by, 'tis but for four days.
Eſtif. I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

Per.

Per. 'Tis well then,
Eſtif. Go handſome off, and leave the houſe clear.
Per. Well.
Eſtif. That little ſtuff we'll uſe ſhall follow after;
And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.
[*Exit Perez.*
Mar. Come, let's go in; are all the rooms kept ſweet, wench?
Eſtif. They're ſweet and neat.
Mar. Why, where's your huſband?
Eſtif. Gone, madam.
When you come to your own he muſt give place, lady.
Mar. Well, ſend you joy, you would not let me know't,
Yet I ſhall not forget ye.
Eſtif. Thank your ladyſhip.
Mar. Come lead me in. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Margarita, Altea, *and* Boy.

Alt. ARE you at eaſe now, is your heart at reſt?
Mar. I am at peace, Altea,
If he continue but the fame he ſhews,
And be a maſter of that ignorance
He outwardly profeſſes, I am happy.
Alt. You're a modeſt woman.
Mar. But if he ſhou'd prove now
A crafty and diſſembling kind of huſband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd.
Alt. My life, an innocent.
Mar. That's it I aim at.
That's it I hope too, then I'm ſure I rule him:
Are the rooms made ready
To entertain my friends? I long to dance now.
Alt. All, lady, your houſe is nothing now but various pleaſures,
The gallants begin to gaze too.
Mar. Let them gaze on,
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight and courtſhip.
And handſome ſervants at my will: where's my good huſband,
Where does he wait?
Alt. He knows his diſtance, madam,

I warrant

I warrant he is busy in the cellar
Among his fellow servants, or asleep,
Till your commands awake him.

Enter Leon *and* Lorenzo.

Mar. 'Tis well, Aitea,
It should be so, my ward I must preserve him——
Who sent for him, how dare he come uncall'd for,
His hat on too?

Ait. Sure he sees you not.

Mar. How scornfully he looks!

Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleasure?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

Lor. They are; and yet there must be more. and richer.
It is her will.

Leon. Hum—is it so? 'tis excellent.
Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,
Revels and masques?

Lor. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we shall have the bravest house kept now——
I must not call ye master, she has warn'd me,
Nor must not put my hat off to ye.

Leon. 'Tis no fashion;
What though I be her husband, I am your fellow;
I may cut first?

Lor. That's as you shall deserve, sir.

Leon. I thank you.

Lor. May be I'll light ye,
On the same point you may do me that service.

Enter first Lady.

1 *Lady* Madam, the duke Medina with some captains
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,
And their best services.

Mar. They shall be welcome;
See all be ready in the noblest fashion.
Go, get your best cloathes on, but till I call ye,
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourself handsome, sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter a second Lady.

2 *Lady* Madam, the Lady Julia——

Leon. That's a bawd.
A three pil'd bawd. Bawd major to the army.

2 *Lady.* —Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyship,

And

And to be inform'd if you will take an airing this morn-
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery. [ing
Mar. Tell her no; i' th' afternoon I'll call on her.
2 *Lady.* I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Mar. Why are you not gone to prepare yourself?
May be you shall be fewer to the first course.
Leon. Faith, madam, in my little understanding.
You had better entertain your honest neighbours,
Your friends about ye, that may speak well of
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Mar. How now! what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to persuade ye;
Courtiers are fickle things to deal withal;
A kind of march-pane men that will not last, madam;
An egg and pepper goes farther than their portions,
And in a well knit body, a poor parsnep
Will play his prize above their strong potabiles.
Mar. The fellow's mad!
Leon. He that shall counsel ladies,
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.
Alt. He breaks out modestly.
Leon. Pray ye be not angry;
My indiscretion has made me bold to tell ye
What you'll find true.
Mar Thou dar'st not talk.
Leon. Not much, madam;
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,
He dare not be so bold as reason bids him;
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.
Ne'er look so sternly upon me: I'm your husband;
But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such strange deformities,
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions;
Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains;
And bills nail'd up, with horns before your doors
To rent out wantonness.
Mar. Do you hear him talk!
Leon. I've done, madam:
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver:
Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders;
'Till when I tie myself to my obedience. [*Exit.*
Mar. First I'll untie myself; did you mark the gen-
How boldly and saucily he talk'd, [tleman,

And how unlike the lump I took him for?
This was your providence,
Your wisdom to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge!
What think ye now?

Ar. I think him an ass still:
This bloodiness some of your people have blown into him,
This wisdom too with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

Mar. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are understanding in their draughts,
And dispute fearcely the whys and wherefores
To grass immediately. I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know nothing;
Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience,
And such an hand I'll keep over this husband.

Ar. He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink, he's a high constitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

Mar. No; your old cloaths;
And get you into the country presently,
And let my hawks well train'd; you shall have victuals,
Such as are fit for saucy palates, ye,
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good too.

Leon. Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.

Ar. You see how he's come round again.

Mar. I see not what I expect to see.

Leon. You shall see, madam, if it please your ladyship.

Ar. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.

Mar. Well, go get you handsome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have ye no feeling? [*Aside.*
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady. [*Exit.*

Mar. See you preserve him thus upon my favour:
You know his temper; tie him to the grindstone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him;
I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me
Dispute my life: come in and see all handsome.

Ar. I hope to see you so too; I've wrought ill else.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a chamber.*

Enter Perez.

Per. Shall I
Never return to my own houſe again?
We're lodg'd here in the miſerable dog-hole;
A conjurer's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it.
We have a bed no bigger than a baſket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,
And ſweat ourſelves to ſauce immediately;
The fumes are infinite in habit here too,
So various too, they'll poſe a gold-finder!
Never return to my own paradiſe!
Why wife, I ſay! why Eſtifania!

Eſtif. [*within*] I'm going preſently.

Per. Make haſte, good jewel,
I'm like the people that live in the ſweet iſlands:
I die, I die, if I ſtay but one day more here.
The inhabitants we have are two ſtarv'd rats,
For they're not able to maintain a cat here,
And thoſe appear as fearful as two devils,
They've eat a map o' the world up already,
And if we ſtay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dry'd in this brick-kiln, and the fits i' the chimney
(Which is but three tiles raiſed like a houſe of cards)
The true proportion of an old ſmoak'd Sybil,
There is a young thing too, that Nature meant
For a maid-ſervant, but 'tis now a monſter,
She has a huſk about her neck like a cheſnut,
With lazineſs, and living under the line here,
And theſe two make a hollow ſound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter Eſtifania.

Mercy deliver me! O are you come wife?
Shall we be free again?

Eſtif. I am now going;
And you ſhall preſently to your own houſe, ſir.
The remembrance of this vain vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have ſaid your oriſons,
And broke your faſt, I ſhall be back and ready
To uſher you to your old content, your freedom.

Per. Break my faſt! break my neck rather, is there any thing here to eat

But

But one another, like a race of canibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent,
Let's have our houſe again immediately,
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzl'd.

Eſtif. Not a pin, I warrent ye.

Per. And let 'em inſtantly depart.

Eſtif. They ſhall both,
(There's reaſon in all courteſies)
For by this time I know ſhe has acquainted him,
And has provided too. ſhe ſent me word, ſir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Per. I will walk i' the church-yard,
The dead cannot offend more than theſe living.
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

Eſtif. I'll not fail, ſir.

Per. And do you hear, let's have a handſome dinner,
And ſee all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a ſtrong bath to reſtore me:
I think like a ſtale fiſh ſhambles, or an oil-ſhop.

Eſtif. You ſhall have all, which ſome interpret nothing.
I'll ſend you people for the trunks afore-hand,

Per. Let 'em be known and honeſt,
And do my ſervice to your niece.

Eſtif. I ſhall, ſir,
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courteſy,
And pray you be brave for my ſake.

Per. I obſerve ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Street.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sanchio, *and* Cacaſogo.

San. Thou't very brave.

Caca. I've reaſon, I have money.

San. Is money reaſon?

Caca. Yes, and rhyme too, captain.
If you've no money, you're an aſs.

San. I thank ye.

Caca. Ye've manners, ever thank him that has money.

San. Wilt thou lend me any?

Caca. Not a farthing, captain.
Captains are caſual things.

San. Why ſo are all men, thou ſhalt have my bond.

Caca. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain,
My money is mine own, I make no doubt on't.

Juan. What doſt thou do with it?
Caca. Put it to pious uſes,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are thoſe hoſpitals?
Caca. I firſt provide to fill my hoſpitals
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build: thoſe are more bound to pray for me:
Beſides, I keep th' inheritance in my name ſtill.
Juan. A provident charity! are you for the wars,
Caca. I am not poor enough to be a ſoldier, [ſir?
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. Ye have ſaid wiſely
Caca. Had you but my money,
You'd ſwear it, colonel; I had number drill at home
A hundred thouſand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exerciſe ten thouſand lives with nothing;
A wiſe man ſafely feeds; fools live on their fingers.
San. A right ſtate uſurer; why doſt not marry,
And live a reverend juſtice?
Caca. Is it not nobler t' command a reverend juſtice,
than to be one?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appeaſe my fury?
Juan. Wilt go to dinner with us?
Caca. I will go and view the pearl of Spain, the orient
Fair one, the rich one too, and I will be reſpected:
I bear my patent here, I will talk to her,
And when your captainſhips ſhall ſtand aloof
And pick your noſes, I will pick the purſe
Of his affection.
Juan. The duke dines there to-day too, the duke of
Medina.
Caca. Let the king dine there;
He owes me money, and ſo far's my creature,
And certainly I may make bold with my own, captain.
San. Thou wilt eat monſtrouſly.
Caca. Like a true-born Spaniard,
Faſter I were in England, where the beef grows,
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,
To ſtir the intellectuals of the ladies:
I learnt it of my father's amorous ſcrivener.

Juan.

Juan. If we ſhould play now, you muſt ſupply me.
Caca. You muſt pawn a horſe troop,
And then have at ye, colonel.
San. Come, let's go;
This raſcal will make rare ſport; how the ladies
Will laugh at him!
Juan. If I light on him I'll make his purſe ſweat too.
Caca. Will ye lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a chamber.*

Enter Perez, *an* Old Woman, *and* Maid.

Per. Nay, pray ye come out and let me underſtand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher lady;
I'll hold ye faſt: how came my trunks open,
And my goods gone?
Old Wom. Ha! what would ye have?
Per. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?
Old Wom. Are your trunks all open;
Per. Yes, and my cloaths gone,
And chains and jewels; how ſhe ſmells like hung beef.
Fye how ſhe belches
The ſpirit of garlick!
Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?
Per. What's that to my queſtion?
She is my wife, and gone about my buſineſs.
Maid. Is ſhe your wife, ſir?
Per. Yes, ſir? Is that a wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?
Old Wom. Is ſhe duly and truly your wife?
Per. Duly and truly my wife? I think ſo,
For I married her; it was no viſion ſure!
Maid. She has the keys, ſir.
Per. I know ſhe has; but who has all my goods, ſpirit?
Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man; ſhe has twenty huſbands.
Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And ſhe has cozen'd all, ſir.
Per. The devil ſhe has! I had a fair houſe with her,
That ſtands hard by, and furniſhed royally.
Old Wom. You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of her's, good gentleman;
It is a lady's.
Maid. The lady *Margarita*; ſhe was her ſervant,
And kept the houſe, but going from her, ſir,
For ſome lewd tricks ſhe play'd.

Per. Plague o' the devil,
Am I, i' the full meridian of my wiſdom,
Cheated by a ſtale queen? What kind of lady
Is that that owns the houſe?

Old Wom. A young ſweet lady.

Per. Of a low ſtature?

Old Wom. She's indeed but little, but ſhe is wondrous fair.

Per. I feel I'm cozen'd:
Now I am ſenſible I am undone.

Maid. When ſhe went out this morning, that I ſaw, ſir,
She had two women at the door attending,
And there ſhe gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were——I heard your trunks too open,
If they be your's.

Per. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've caſt their calves, they're not worth owning,
Was ſhe her miſtreſs, ſay you?

Old Wom. Her own miſtreſs; her very miſtreſs, ſir, and all you ſaw
About and in that houſe was her's.

Per. No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?

Maid. Not a farthing; ſhe's poor, ſir; a poor ſhifting thing.

Per. No money.

Old Wom. Abominably poor; as poor as we are;
Money as rare to her, unleſs ſhe ſteal it;
But for one ſingle gown her lady gave her,
She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

Per. I'm mad now;
I think I am as poor as ſhe, I am wide elſe:
One ſingle ſuit I have left too, and that's all;
And if ſhe ſteals that, ſhe muſt ſlay me for it;
Where does ſhe uſe?

Old Wom. You may find truth as ſoon;
Alas! a thouſand conceal'd corners, ſir, ſhe lurks in,
And here ſhe gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in mills and ſmokes where none can find her.

Per. Is ſhe a whore too?

Old Wom. Little better, gentleman;
I dare not ſay ſhe is ſo, ſir, becauſe
She is your's, ſir; theſe five years ſhe has liv'd
Upon picking up.

Per. She has pick'd me up finely;

A whore

A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one ſhe-ſaint; I hope to ſee her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my diſcoveries,
And been courted by all women to co ceal 'em?
Have I to long ſtudied the art of this ſex,
And read the warning to young gent'lemen?
Have I profeſs'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And am I trick'd now?
Caught in my own nooſe? here's a trial left yet,
There's for your lodging and your meat this week;
A ſilk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And ſleeps in a ſweeter box.
Farewel great grand-mother,
If I do find you were an acceſſary,
'Tis but the cutting off two ſmoaking minutes!
I'll hang you preſently. [*Puſhes her down and exit.*

Old Wom. Oh the rogue! the villain! Is this uſage for the fair ſex!

SCENE, *a grand ſaloon.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Caſtro, Alozo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, *and Attendants.*

Duke. A goodly houſe.

Juan. And richly furniſh'd too, ſir.

Alon. Hung wantonly; I like that preparation,
It ſits unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the miſtreſs free and jovial;
I love a houſe where pleaſure prepares welcome.

Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this manſion?
'Twere a brave pawn.

Caca I ſhall be maſter of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and ſpacious,
Airy and full of eaſe, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taſte the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my ſtomach,
How my affection ſtands to the young lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, *Ladies, and ſervant.*

Mar. All welcome to your grace, and to theſe ſoldiers;
You honour my poor houſe with your fair preſence;
Thoſe few ſlight pleaſures that inhabit here, ſir,
I do beſeech your grace command, they're yours,
Your ſervant preſerves 'em to delight ye.

Duke I thank ye, lady, I am bold to viſit ye,
Once more to bleſs my eyes with your ſweet beauty,
It has been a long night ſince you left the court,

For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.
Mar. Bring in the duke's meat.
San. She's most excellent!
Juan. Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Caca. I'll have a fling: 'tis but a thousand ducats
Which I can cozen up again in ten days. [*Aside.*

Enter Leon.

Mar. Why, where's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor shall it be until I know the guests too,
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my Alferes? he looks another thing!
Are miracles afoot again?
Mar. Why, sirrah, why sirrah, you?
Leon. I hear you, saucy woman;
And as you are my wife, command your absence,
And know your duty: 'tis the crown of modesty.
Duke. Your wife?
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her husband.
And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Caca. If thou be'st her husband,
I am determin'd thou shall be my cuckold,
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dung-hill!
I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown up body
'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.
Caca. I'll talk with you another time. [*Exit.*
Alon. This is miraculous.
San. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool.
Mar. I'll be divorced immediately!
Leon. You shall not,
You shall not have so much will to be wicked,
I am more tender of your honour, lady, and of your age,
You took me for a shadow,
You took me to gloss over your discredit,
To be your fool; you thought you had found a coxcomb;
I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to ye:
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Mar. I do command thee from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool. *Leon.*

Leon. Thou cozen'd fool!
I will not be command'd: I'm above ye:
You may divorce me from your favour, lady;
But from your eſtate you never ſhall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my uſe, the law allows it,
And then maintain your wantonneſs, I'll wink at it.
Mar. Am I brav'd thus in mine own houſe?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam.
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it, I rule it,
And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, madam,
But as my ſervant to ſweep clean the lodgings,
And at my farther will to do me ſervice,
And ſo I'll keep it.
Mar. 'Tis well.
Leon. It ſhall be better.
Mar. As you love me, give way.
Leon. I will give none, madam.
I ſtand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it: you ſhall know me now
To be an underſtanding feeling man.
And ſenſible of what a woman aims at:
A young proud woman, that has will to ſin with,
A wanton woman that her blood provokes too.
I caſt my cloud off, and appear myſelf,
The maſter of this little piece of miſchief;
And I will put a ſpell about your feet, lady;
They ſhall not wander but where I give way now.
Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere ſign of man, the walking image?
He ſpeaks wondrous highly.
Leon. As a huſband ought, ſir,
In his own houſe, and it becomes me well too;
I think your grace would grieve if you were put to it,
To have a wife or ſervant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of ſervants,)
Under your own roof to command ye.
Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, ſir?
Leon. Not now, my lord, my fortune makes me ev'n,
And as I am an honeſt man, I'm nobler.
Mar. Get me my coach.
Leon. Let me ſee who dares get it
Till I command, I'll make him draw your coach
And eat your coach too, (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will; or take your coach lady,
I give you liberty; and take your people

Which

Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with ye,
Take all these freely, but take me no more,
And so farewel.

Duke. Nay, sir, you shall not carry it
So bravely off, you shall not wrong a lady
In a high humour, and think to bear it.
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury,
To see a lady weep; draw, sir.

Leon. They're tears of anger,
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not.
(She would e'en now swoon if she could not cry)
Put up, my lord, this is oppression,
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,
All which shall understand how you provoke me;
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?
Then to my guard, and if I spare your grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,
Mercy forsake me.
I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

Juan. Hold, fair sir, I beseech ye,
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold,
His wife be fair and young but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and ye have no feeling of it,
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour?
Now, sir, fall on, I'm ready enough to oppose ye.

Duke. I've better thought, I pray, sir, use your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, sir,
And now you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner,
This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll cross your joy yet, [*Aside.*

Juan. I've seen a miracle, hold thine own, soldier,
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer woman.

Enter Perez.

Per. 'Save ye, which is the lady of the house?

Leon. That's she, sir, that good natur'd pretty lady,
If you'd speak with her.

Juan. Don Michael!

Per. Pray do not know me, I am full of business.

When

When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.
It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly,
Had you a maid call'd Eſtifania?
Mar. Yes truly, had I.
Per. Was ſhe a maid, d' you think?
Mar. I dare not ſwear for her.——
For ſhe had but a ſcant fame.
Per. Was ſhe your kinſwoman?
Mar. For that I ever knew; now I look better,
I think you marred her, give you much joy, ſir.
Per. Give me a halter.
Mar. You may reclaim her, 'twas a wild young girl.
Per. Is not this houſe mine, madam?
Was not ſhe owner of it?
Mar. No, certainly, I'm ſure my money paid for it,
And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, ſir.
Per. The hangings and the plate too?
Mar. All are mine, ſir,
And every thing you ſee about the building.
She only kept my houſe when I was abſent;
And ſo ill kept it, I was weary of her.
Per. Where is your maid?
Mar. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now, why ſhou'd I look after her?
Since that firſt hour I came I never ſaw her.
Per. I ſaw her later, wou'd the devil had had her.
It is all true I find, a wild-fire take her.
Juan. Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? Thy excellent wife,
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When ſhall we come and viſit thee?
San. And eat ſome rare fruit? thou haſt admirable orchards,
You are ſo jealous now, pox o' your jealouſy,
How ſcurvily you look!
Per. Pr'ythee leave fooling,
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle:
Did ſhe ne'er play the wag with you?
Mar. Yes, many time,
So often that I was aſham'd to keep her.
But I forgave her, ſir, in hopes ſhe'd mend ſtill,
And had not you o'the inſtant married her,
I'd put her off.
Per. I thank ye, I am bleſt ſtill,
Which way ſoe'er I turn I'm a made man,

Miſerable

Miſerably gull'd beyond recovery.

Juan You'll ſtay and dine?

Per Certain I cannot, captain:
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'ſt puppy,
The miſerableſt aſs! but I muſt leave ye;
I am in haſte, in haſte, bleſs you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife.

Leon. What then, ſir?

Per. No matter if the devil had one to fetch the other.
[*Exit.*

Leon. Will you walk in, ſir, will your grace but honour me,
And taſte our dinner? You are nobly welcome,
All anger's paſt I hope, and I ſhall ſerve ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter Perez.

Per. I'LL to a conjuror but I'll find this pole-cat,
This pilfering whore: a plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women,
Their ſanctity in ſhow will deceive devils;
It is my evil angel, let me bleſs me.

Enter Eſtifania, *with a caſket.*

Eſtif. 'Tis he, I'm caught. I muſt ſtand to it ſtoutly,
And ſhow no ſhake of fear. I ſee he's angry,
Vext at the uttermoſt.

Per. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modeſty
All the town over.

Eſtif. My moſt noble huſband,
I'm glad I have found ye, for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame in looking out your lordſhip.

Per. I've been in bawdy-houſes ——— ———

Eſtif. I believe you, and very lately too.

Per. Pray ye, pardon me;
To ſeek your ladyſhip, I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirſty bawds
Hear your confeſſions: I have been at plays,
To look you out among the youthful actors:
At puppet ſhews, (you're miſtreſs of the motions!)
I was amongſt the nuns becauſe you ſing well;
But they ſay yours are bawdy ſongs, and they mourn for ye;
And laſt I went to church to ſeek you out;
'Tis ſo long ſince you were there, they have forgot you.

Eſtif. You've had a pretty progreſs, I'll tell mine now:
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns———

Per.

Per. And are you ſober?
Eſtif. Yes, I reel not yet, ſir,
Where I ſaw twenty drunk, moſt of 'em ſoldiers,
There I had great hope to find you diſguiſed too;
From hence to the dicing-houſe, there I found quarrels
Needleſs and ſenſeleſs, ſwords, pots, and candleſticks,
Tables and ſtools, and all in one confuſion,
And no man knew his friend. I left this chaos,
And to the ſurgeon's went, he will'd me ſtay,
For, ſays he learnedly, if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.
I ſought ye where no ſafe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongſt diſeaſes, baſe and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, ſtill the more the honour.
Laſt, to your confeſſor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray, and here I've found ye.
Per. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,
But I ſhall daſh it inſtantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude me in a ſharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd?——
Eſtif. Why am I abuſed?
Per. Thou moſt vile, baſe, abominable——
Eſtif. Captain.
Per. Thou ſtinking, overſtew'd incorrigible——
Eſtif. Captain.
Per. Do you echo me?
Eſtif. Yes, ſir, and go before ye,
And round about ye, why do you rail at me,
For that was your own ſin, your own knavery.
Per. And brave me too?
Eſtif. You'd beſt now draw your ſword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife! O moſt renown'd captain!
Per. A plague upon thee, anſwer me directly;
Why didſt thou marry me?
Eſtif. To be my huſband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.
Per. Why didſt thou flatter me, and ſhew me wonders?
A houſe and riches, when they are but ſhadows,
Shadows to me?
Eſtif. Why did you work on me?
It was but my part to requite you, ſir,

With your ſtrong ſoldier's wit and ſwore you'd bring me
So much in chains, ſo much in jewels, huſband,
So much in right rich cloaths?

Per. Thou haſt 'em, raſcal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou haſt op'n'd them, and ſold my treaſure.

Eſtif. Sir, there's your treaſure, ſell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles; is this noble uſage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treaſure!
A man would think now theſe were worthy matters;
Here's a ſhreeing-horn chain gilt over, how it ſcenteth!
Worſe than the dirty mouldy heel it ſerv'd for.
And here's another of a leſſer value,
So little I would ſhame to tie my monkey in't,
Theſe are my jointure; bluſh and ſave a labour,
Or theſe elſe will bluſh for ye.

Per. A fine ſubtle ye, are ye ſo crafty?

Eſtif. Here's a goodly jewel,
Did not you win this at Goletto, captain,
Or took it in the field from ſome brave Baſhaw?
See how it ſparkles——Like an old lady's eyes.

Per. Pry'thee leave prating.

Eſtif. And here's a chain of whitings eyes for pearls.
A muſſel monger would have made a better.

Per. Nay, pry'thee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

Eſtif. I'll tell ye,
Your clothes are parallels to theſe, all counterfeit.
Put theſe and them on, you're a man of copper;
A copper, copper captain; thoſe you thought, my huſband,
To have cozened me withal; but I am quit with you.

Per. Is there no houſe then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate nor hangings?

Eſtif. There are none, ſweet huſband.
Shadow for ſhadow is as equal juſtice.

[Perez *ſings*—Eſtif. *ſings.*

Can you rail now? pray put your fury up, ſir,
And ſpeak great words; you are a ſoldier, thunder!

Per. I will ſpeak little, I have play'd the fool,
And ſo I am rewarded.

Eſtif. You have ſpoke well, ſir;
And now I ſee you're ſo conformable,
I'll heighten you again; go to your houſe,
They're packing to be gone, you muſt ſup there,
I'll meet you and bring clothes and cleam ſhirts after,

And

And all things ſhall be well. I'll colt you once more,
And teach you to bring copper. [*Aſide.*
Per. Tell me one thing,
I do beſeech thee tell me truth, wife;
However I forgive thee: art thou honeſt?
The beldam ſwore———
Eſtif. I bid her tell you ſo, ſir,
It was my plot; alas, my credulous huſband!,
The lady told you too———
Per. Moſt ſtrange things of thee.
Eſtif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your ſuff'rance,
And ſhe denied the houſe.
Per. She knew me not
No, nor no title that I had.
Eſtif. 'Twas well carried;
No more, I'm right and ſtraight.
Per. I wou'd believe thee,
But heaven knows how my heart is; will ye follow me?
Eſtif. I'll be there ſtraight.
Per. I'm fool'd yet dare not find it. [*Exit* Perez.
Eſtif. Go, ſilly fool; thou may'ſt be a good ſoldier
In open fields, but for our private ſervice
Thou art an aſs;

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another trout that I muſt tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've loſt my end elſe.
May I crave your leave, ſir?
Caca. Pr'ythee be anſwer'd, thou ſhalt crave no leave,
I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,
A beating thing, but this hour a moſt bruis'd thing,
That people had compaſſion on;
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much; a thouſand ducats!
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.
Eſtif. 'Pray you hear me.
Caca. I know thou haſt ſome wedding-ring to pawn now,
Of ſilver gilt, with a blind poſy in't,
Or thy child's whiſtle, or thy ſquirrel's chain.
I'll none of 'em; I wou'd ſhe did not know me,
Or would this fellow had but uſe of money,
That I might come in any way.
Eſtif. I'm gone ſir,
And I ſhall tell the beauty ſent me to ye.
The lady Margarita———

Caca. Stay, I pr'ythee,
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye.
And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye,
Eſtif. She will intreat you, ſir.
Caca. She ſhall command, ſir,
Let it be ſo, I beſeech thee, my ſweet gentlewoman,
Do not forget thyſelf.
Eſtif. She does command then
This courteſy, becauſe ſhe knows you're noble.
Caca. Your miſtreſs by the way?
Eſtif. My natural miſtreſs.
Upon theſe jewels, ſir, they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em right.
Caca. To doubt 'em is an hereſy.
Eſtif. A thouſand ducats, 'tis upon neceſſity
Of preſent uſe; her huſband, ſir, is ſtubborn.
Caca. Long may he be ſo.
Eſtif. She deſires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and perſon,
And when you pleaſe to do her ſo much honour—
Caca. Come let's diſpatch.
Eſtif. In truth I've heard her ſay, ſir,
Of a fat man ſhe has not ſeen a ſweeter.
But in this buſineſs, ſir.
Caca. Let's do it firſt
And then diſpute; the lady's uſe may long for't.
Eſtif. All ſecrecy ſhe wou'd deſire, ſhe told me
How wiſe you are.
Caca. We are not wiſe to talk thus,
Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel
Shall ſparkle like her eyes, and thee another:
Come, pr'ythee come, I long to ſerve the lady,
Long monſtrouſly; now valour I ſhall meet ye,
You that dare dukes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, *and* Alonzo.

Duke. He ſhall not have his will, I ſhall prevent him.
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And ſuddenly, and ſtrangely; here Don Juan,
Do you preſent it to him.
Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*
Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
This muſt not be.
San. That ſuch an oyſter-ſhell ſhould hold a pearl,

And

And of so rare a price, in prison.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness
To bless this part of Spain, and have that slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir in't.

Duke. I'll warrant ye he shall be glad to please us.

[*Exeunt.*

Another chamber.

Enter Leon, *and* Juan, *with a commission.*

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness,
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir,
And a proud man I shou'd have been t'ave serv'd you:
'T has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless favours,
To make me your companion; this commission
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I do rejoice at it,
And am glad man we shall gain your company:
I'm sure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that respect gives you more time, sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows shorter still; are your goods ready?

Juan. They are abroad.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir.

Leon. Do you hear, ho, go carry this unto your mistress, sir,
And let her see how much the king has honour'd me:
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier. Lorenzo!

Enter *Lorenzo.*

Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels.
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary
We keep a handsome port, for the king's honour.
And, do you hear, Lorenzo, let all your lady's wardrobe
Be safely placed in trunks; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo.

Lor. Must my mistress go, sir?

Leon. Ay, your mistress, and you and all; all, all must go.

Lor. Why Pedro, Vasco, Diego. [*Exit.*

Juan Ha's taken a brave way to save his honour,

By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarita, *led by two Ladies.*

Leon. Why how now, wife, what ſick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.

Mar. No ſooner love ye,
Love ye entirely, ſir, brought to conſider
The goodneſs of your mind and mine own duty,
But loſe you inſtantly, be divorc'd from ye?
This is a cruelty; I'll to the king
And tell him 'tis unjuſt to part two ſouls,
Two minds ſo nearly mix'd.

Leon. By no means, ſweetheart,

Mar. If he were married but four days, as I am—

Leon. He'd hang himſelf the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aſide.*

Mar. He'd make it treaſon for that tongue that durſt
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You ſhall not go.

Leon. Indeed I muſt, ſweet wife;
What, ſhould I loſe the king for a few kiſſes?
We'll have enough.

Mar. I'll to the duke, my couſin, he ſhall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his grace for't, ſhould I pray him now
T' undo't again? fy, 'twere a baſe deceit.

Mar. Would I were able, ſir, to bear you company,
How willing ſhould I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace, you ſhall not. [*Knocking within.*

Mar. What knocking's this? Oh Heav'n my head,
what raſcals;
I think the war's begun i' the houſe already.

Leon. The preparation is, they're taking down
And packing up the hanging, plate and jewels,
And all thoſe furnitures that ſhall beſt uſe,
When I lie in garriſon.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Muſt the coach go too, ſir?

Leon. How will your lady paſs to the ſea elſe eaſily?
We ſhall find ſhipping for't there to tranſport it.

Mar. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of ye,
I know ye are ſickly, he ſhall drive the eaſier,
And all accommodation ſhall attend ye.

Mar. Would I were able.

Leon.

Leon. Come, I warrant ye,
Am not I with ye, sweet? are her cloaths packt up
And all her linen? give your maids direction,
You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.
Mar. Let me have a nurse,
And all such necessary people with me,
And an easy bark.
Leon. It shall not toss, I warrant ye,
Curvet it may sometimes.
Mar. I am with child, sir.
Leon. At four days warning? this is something speedy.
Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west-wind?
My heir will be an arrant fleet-one, lad.
Mar. You must provide a cradle, and what a trouble's that?
Leon. The sea shall rock it,
'Tis the best nurse: 'twill roar and rock together.
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby.
Mar. Faith let me stay, I shall but shame ye, sir.
Leon. And you were a thousand shames you shall along with me,
At home I'm sure you'll prove a million.
Every man carries the bundle of his sins
Upon his own back; you are mine, I'll sweat for ye.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, *and* Sancho.

Duke. What, sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and toil of care.
I saw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;
Therefore fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place: what, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame, he'll come again, sweet cousin,
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,
Among your maids at home, and housewifely.
Leon. No, sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness,
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters
May daily cross her; she shall go along, sir.
Duke. By no means, captain.
Leon. By all means, an't please ye.
Duke. What take a young and tender-body'd lady,
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults,
A sickly lady too?
Leon. 'Twill make her well, sir,
There's no such friend to her health as wholesome travel.
San. Away, it must not be.

Alon. It ought not, sir.
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears, fright her with tempests,
With thunder of the war.
I dare swear if she were able——
Leon. She's most able.
And pray ye swear not, she must go, there's no remedy;
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,
Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours life,
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me,
I would not leave her tame to so much ruin,
To such a desolation and discredit as
Her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.
Fye, fye! for shame.

Enter Perez.

What masque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance,
What cousin's this?
Juan. Michael Van Owl, how dost thou?
In what dark barn or tod of aged ivy
Hast thou lain hid?
Per. Things must both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people must conceal, and shine again. [tlemen,
You're welcome hither as your friend may say, gen-
A pretty house ye see han somely seated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a French taylor, that
Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.
Per. I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,
And my wife told me I should find it so,
'Tis true I do; you were merry when I was last here,
But 'was your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm sorry that my swift occcasions
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer,
Yet I wou'd have you think, my honour'd cousin,
This house and all I have are all your servants. [mean?
Leon. What house, what pleasure, sir, what do you
Per. You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous;
This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Per. They're mine, sir, and you know it,

My

My wife's I mean, and ſo conferr'd upon me.

[*A knock within.*

The hangings, ſir, I muſt intreat your ſervants,
That are ſo buſy in their offices,
Again to miniſter to their right uſes:
I ſhall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place; you're merry ſtill, couſin,
And of a pleaſant conſtitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

Leon. Pr'ythee good ſtubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife leave fooling and tell me honeſtly,
Is this my kinſman?

Mar. I can tell ye nothing.

Leon. I've many kinſmen, but ſo mad a one,
And ſo phantaſtic——all the houſe?

Per. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate ye an ace on't.
Can't you receive a noble courteſy,
And quierly and handſomely as ye ought, coz,
But you muſt ride o' the top on't?

Leon. Canſt thou fight?

Per. I'll tell ye preſently, I could have done, ſir.

Leon. For you muſt law and claw before you get it.

Juan. Away, no quarrels.

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in love, for that's a lunacy,
No great eſtate left ye that ye never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank diſtemper,
That you were chriſten'd, and who anſwer'd for ye.
And then I yield; do but look at him.

Per. He has half perſuaded me I was bred i'th' moon.
I have ne'er a buſh at my breach; are not we both mad?
And is not this a fantaſtick houſe we are in,
And all a dream we do? Will ye walk out, ſir,
And if I do not beat thee preſently
Into a ſound belief as ſenſe can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And ſay, I was one o' th' Cæſars, done by a ſeal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more, come, we'll away immediately.

Mar. Why then the houſe is his, and all that's in it;
I'll give away my ſkin but I'll undo ye;
I gave it to his wife, you muſt reſtore, ſir,
And make a new proviſion.

Per. Am I mad now,

Or

Or am I chriſten'd, you my ragin coſin,
My mighty mauhound kinſman, what quirk now?
You ſhall be welcome all, I hope to ſee, ſir,
Your grace here, and my coz, we are all ſoldiers,
And muſt do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are ye blank at this? Then I muſt tell ye ſir,
Ye've no commands, now you may go at pleaſure
And ride your aſs troop.

Leon. All this nor moves me,
Nor ſtirs my gall, nor alters my affections:
You have more furniture, more houſe, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with thoſe,
And you have land i' th' Indies as I take it,
Thither we'll go, and view a-while thoſe climates,
Viſit your factors there, that may betray ye
'Tis done, we muſt go.

Mar. Now, thou'rt a brave gentleman,
And by this ſacred light I love thee dearly.
Hark ye, ſir,
The houſe is none of your's, I did but jeſt, ſir,
You are no coz of mine. I beſeech ye vaniſh,
Your wife has once more fool'd ye:

Leon. Good-morrow, my ſweet mauhound coſin:
You are welcome, welcome all,
My coſin too, we are all ſoldiers,
And ſhould naturally do for one another.

Per. By this hand ſhe dies for't
Or any man that ſpeaks for her. [*Exit* Perez.

Mar. Let me requeſt you ſtay but one poor month,
You ſhall have a commiſſion, and I'll go too,
Give me but will to far.

Leon. Well, I will try ye;
Good-morrow to your grace, we've private buſineſs:
There lies your way—there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street.*

Enter Perez.

Per. HAD I but lungs enough to bawl ſufficiently,
That all the queens in Chriſtendom might hear me.
That all men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wiſh; wou'd it were made high treaſon,
Moſt infinite high, for any man to marry;
I mean for a man that would live handſomely,

And

And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments ſhall I put her to?
Cut her in pieces? Every piece will live ſtill,
And every morſel of her will do miſchief;
They are ſo many lives, there's no hanging of 'em,
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like ſalamanders;
Under huge heaps of ſtones to bury her,
And ſo depreſs her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I muſt deſtroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, *with a caſket.*

Caca. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts a ſhe moth,
That ev'ry ſilk-man's ſhop breeds; to be cheated,
And of a thouſand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Per. Who's that is cheated, ſpeak again thou viſion,
But art thou cheated? Miniſter ſome comfort:
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Caca. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a ſpirit will that flies about thee,
And whoſoe'er thou art, if thou be'it human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Per. Ha, ha, ha!

Caca. Doſt thou laugh? Damnably, I ſay, moſt damnably.

Per. By whom, good ſpirit, ſpeak, ſpeak, ha, ha, ha!

Caca. I'll utter, laugh till thy lungs crack, by a raſcal woman,
Doſt thou laugh ſtill?

Per. I muſt laugh, pr'ythee pardon me,
I ſhall laugh terribly.

Caca. I ſhall be angry,
Terribly angry. I have cauſe.

Per. That's it,
And 'tis no reaſon but thou ſhould'ſt be angry,
Angry at heart, yet I muſt laugh ſtill at thee.
By a woman cheated? art ſure it was a woman?

Caca. I ſhall break thy head, my valour itches at thee.

Per. It is no matter, by a woman cozen'd,
A real woman?

Caca. By a real devil.
Plague of her jewels and her copper chains,
How rank they ſmell.

Per. Sweet cozen'd ſir, let's ſee them,
I have been cheated too I wou'd have you note that.

And

And lewdly cheated, by a woman alſo,
A ſcurvy woman, I am undone, ſweet ſir.
Therefore I muſt have leave to laugh.
Caca. Pray ye take it,
You are the merrieſt undone man in Europe,
What need we fiddles, bawdy-ſongs, and ſherry,
When our own miſeries can make us merry?
Per. Ha, ha, ha!
I've ſeen theſe jewels, what a notable pennyworth
Have you had? you will not take, ſir,
Some twenty ducats?
Caca. Thou'rt deceived, I will take
Some any thing, ſome half ten, half a ducat.
Per. An excellent lapidary ſet theſe ſtones, ſure;
D'ye mark their waters?
Caca. Quickſand choak their waters,
And her's that brought'em too, but I ſhall find her.
Per. And ſo ſhall I, I hope, but do not hurt her.
You cannot find in all this kingdom
If you had need of cozening, as you may have,
For ſuch groſs natures will deſire it often,
A woman that can cozen you ſo neatly,
She has taken half mine anger off with this trick [*Exit.*
Caca. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow,
I've money enough lies by me at a pinch
To pay for twenty raſcals lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady, there I ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another Street.*

Enter Perez *and* Piſtifania.

Per. Why, how dar'ſt thou meet me again, thou rebel,
And know'ſt how thou haſt us'd me thrice, thou raſcal
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes, nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou muſt meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not ſeek thee to deſtroy thee willingly;
But now thou com'ſt t' invite me, com'ſt upon me;
How like a ſheep biting rogue, taken i' the manor,
And ready for a halter, doſt thou look now?
Thou haſt a hanging look, thou ſcurvy thing!
Has ne'er a knife,
Nor e'er a ſtring to lead thee to Elyſium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compaſſion upon wretched women,
That dare adminiſter a dram of ratſbane.
But thou muſt fall to me?

Piſtif.

Eſtif. I know you've mercy.
Per. If I had tons of mercy, thou deſerv'ſt none.
What new trick's now a-foot, and what new houſes
Have you i' the air? what orchards in apparition?
What can'ſt thou ſay for thy life?
Eſtif. Little or nothing.
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis uſeleſs
To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,
And pray a little.
Per. Do a very little;
For I have farther buſineſs than thy killing.
I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready
Eſtif. Now, now, ſir, now [*Shews a piſtol.*
Come on. Do you ſtart from me?
Do you ſweat, great captain? Have you ſeen a ſpirit?
Per. Do you wear guns?
Eſtif. I am a ſoldier's wife, ſir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now what's the news, and let's diſcourſe more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.
Per. Let me ſee,
Pr'ythee let me ſee thy gun, 'tis a very pretty one.
Eſtif. No, no, ſir, you ſhall feel.
Per. Hold, hold, ye villain; what wou'd you
Kill your huſband?
Eſtif. Let mine own huſband then
Be in's own wits; there, there's a thouſand ducats;
Who muſt provide for you? and yet you'll kill me.
Per. I would not hurt thee for ten thouſand millions.
Eſtif. When will you redeem your jewels, I have pawn'd 'em;
You ſee for what; we muſt keep touch.
Per. I'll kiſs thee,
And get as many more; I'll make thee famous;
Had we the houſe now!
Eſtif Come along with me,
If that be vaniſh'd there be more to hire, ſir.
Per. I ſee I am an aſs when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Chamber.

Enter Leon *and* Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country houſe,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly;
This place is full of charge and full of hurry,
No part of ſweetneſs dwells about theſe cities.
Mar. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleaſure;

Live

Live in a hollow tree, ſir, I'll live with ye.

Leon. Ay, now you ſtrike a harmony, a true one,
When you're obedience waits upon your huſband,
Why now I doat upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring ſtreams,
Clearly, and ſweetly into your embraces.
O, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
Command you now, and eaſe me of that trouble.
I'll be as humble to you as a ſervant,
Bid whom you pleaſe, invite your noble friends,
They ſhall be welcome all; now experience
Has link'd you faſt unto the chain of goodneſs!
[*Claſhing ſwords. A cry within,* Down with their ſwords.]
What noiſe is this? what diſmal cry?

Mar. 'Tis loud too:
Sure there's ſome miſchief done i' th' ſtreet; look out [there.

Leon. Look out and help.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Oh, ſir, the Duke of Medina——

Leon. What of the Duke of Medina?

Lor. Oh, ſweet gentleman,
Is almoſt ſlain.

Mar. Away, away, and help him;
All the houſe help. [*Exit* Lorenzo.

Leon. How! ſlain? why Margarita,
Wife, ſure ſome new device they have a-foot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I ſhall meet it;
I'd rather guide a ſhip imperial
Alone, and in a ſtorm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Sanchio, Alonzo, *and* Lorenzo.

Mar. How came you hurt, ſir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel.
My cauſe was naught, for 'twas about your honour;
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er proſpers.
Lend a bed to eaſe my tortur'd body,
That ere I periſh I may ſhew my penitence;
I fear I'm ſlain.

Leon. Help to bear him in;
There ſhall be nothing in this houſe, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank ye, noble ſir.

Leon. To bed with him; and, wife, give your attend-

Enter Juan. [ance.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Mar. *and* Lorenzo.

Leon.

Leon. Afore me. 'Tis rarely counterfeited.
Juan. True, it is ſo, ſir;
He is not hurt, only we made a ſcuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that ſame ſcratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and drew compaſſion,
That he might get into your houſe more cunningly.
I muſt not ſtay. Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.
Leon. I thank ye, noble colonel, and I honour ye.
Never be quiet? [*Exit* Juan.

Enter Margarita.

Mar. He's moſt deſperate ill, ſir.
I do not think theſe ten months will recover him.
Leon. Does he hire my houſe to play the fool in?
Or does it ſtand on fairy ground? we're haunted:
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?
Mar. What ail you, ſir?
Leon. Nay, what ail you, ſweet wife,
To put theſe daily paſtimes on my patience?
What doſt thou ſee in me, that I ſhould ſuffer this?
Mar. Alas, I pity ye.
Leon. Thou'lt make me angry,
Thou never ſaw'ſt me mad yet.
Mar. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam ſtill about ye.
Leon. If thou purſu'ſt me further, I run ſtark mad:
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen
To lie here on your cure, I ſhall be deſperate;
I know the trick, and you ſhall feel I know it.
Are ye ſo hot that no hedge can contain ye?
I'll have thee let blood in the veins about thee;
I'll have thy thoughts ſound too, and have them open'd;
Thy ſpirits purg'd, for thoſe are they that fire ye;
Th' maid ſhall be thy miſtreſs—thou the maid,
And all her ſervile labours thou ſhalt reach at,
And go through chearfully, or elſe ſleep empty;
That maid ſhall lie by me to teach you duty,
You in a pallat by to humble ye,
And grieve for what you loſe, thou fooliſh wicked woman.
Mar. I've loſt myſelf, ſir,
And all that was my baſe ſelf; diſobedience, [*Kneels.*
My wantonneſs, my ſtubborneſs I've loſt too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleneſs——
Leon. Beware, beware!—have you no fetch now?
Mar. No, by my repentance, no.

Leon. But art thou truly, truly honeſt?
Mar. My tears will ſhew it.
Leon. I take you up,

Enter Altea.

And wear you next my heart; ſee you be worth it.
Now, what with you?
Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulſome fat fellow would fain ſpeak with her.
Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; keep him from the duke;
The duke from him; anon, he'll yield us laughter.
Altea. Where is it, pleaſe you, that we ſhall detain him?
He ſeems at war with reaſon, full of wine.
Leon. To th' cellar with him, 'tis the drunkards den!
Fit cover for ſuch beaſts; ſhould he be reſty
Say I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,
He'll creep into an augre-hole to ſhun me.
Alt. I'll diſpoſe him there. [*Exit* Altea.
Leon Now, Margarita, comes your trial on:
The Duke expects you: acquit yourſelf to him:
I put you to the teſt; you have my truſt,
My confidence, my love.
Mar. I will deſerve 'em.
Leon. My work is done, and now my heart's at eaſe.
I read in every look ſhe means me fairly,
And noble ſhall my love reward her for it;
He who betrays his rights, the huſband's rights,
To pride and wantonneſs, or who denies
Affection to the heart he has ſubdued,
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another chamber.*

The Duke diſcovered upon a couch.

Duke. Why now this is moſt excellent invention;
I ſhall ſucceed in ſpite of this huffing huſband.

Enter Margarita.

Who's there? my love?
Mar. 'Tis I, my lord.
Duke. Are you alone, ſweet friend?
Mar. Alone, and come to enquire how your wounds are?
Duke. I have none, lady, not a hurt about me;
My damages I did but counterfeit,
And feign'd the quarrel to enjoy you, lady.
I am as luſty and as full of health,
As high in blood.
Mar. As low in blood, you mean.

Diſhoneſt

Diſhoneſt thoughts debaſe the greateſt birth:
The man that acts unworthily, though ennobled,
Sullies his honour.

Duke. Nay, nay, my Margarita,
Come to my couch, and there let us liſp love's language.

Mar. Would you take that which I've no right to ſteal,
Sweet wedlock's property, and in his houſe,
Would you his wife betray? will you become
Th' ungrateful viper, who, reſtor'd to life,
Venom'd the breaſt that ſav'd him!

Duke. Leave theſe dull thoughts to mortifying penance.
Let us, while love is luſty, prove its pow'r.

Mar. Ill wiſhes once, my lord, my mind debas'd;
You found my weakneſs, wanted to enſnare it;
Shameful I own my fault, but 'tis repented.
No more the wanton Margarita now,
But the chaſte wife of Leon. His great merit,
His manly tenderneſs, his noble nature,
Commands from me affection in return:
Pure as eſteem can offer, he has won me,
I owe him all my heart.

Duke. Indeed, fair lady,
This jeſting well becomes a ſprightly beauty;
Love prompts to celebrate ſublimer rites;
No more mementos, let me preſs you to me,
And ſtifle with my kiſſes.

Mar. Nay, within then ———

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Leon. Did you call, my wife?—or you, my lord?
Was it your grace that wanted me?—No anſwer!
What, out of bed! how do you, my good lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter:
Has my wife wounded you? you were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever; ſpare your reproach;
I feel too much already.

Leon. I ſee it, ſir; and now your grace ſhall know
I can as ready pardon as revenge.
Be comforted, all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, ſir.

Leon. Wife you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations, I dare truſt ye.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord, they never proſper.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Pleaſe you, ſir,
We cannot keep this groſs fat man in order,
He ſwears he'll have admittance to my lady,
And reels about, and clamours moſt outrageouſly.

Leon. Let him come up, wife, here's another ſuitor,
We forgot, h'as been ſighing in the cellar,
Making my caſks, his miſtreſſes,
Will your grace permit us to produce a rival?

Duke. No more on that theme, I requeſt, Don Leon.

Leon. Here comes the porpoiſe; he's deviliſh drunk;
Let me ſtand by.

Enter Cacafogo *drunk.*

Caca. Where as my *bona roba*? O you're all here,
Why I don't fear ſnap dragons——Impotential
Powerfully potion'd—I can drink with Hector
And beat him too—then what care I for captains;
I'm full of Greek wine, the true ancient courage,
Sweet Mrs. Margarita—Let me kiſs thee,
Your kiſſing ſhall pay me for his kicking.

Leon. What would you?

Caca. Sir!

Leon. Lead off the wretch.

Duke. Moſt filthy figure truly.

Caca. Filth! O you're a prince, yet I can buy
Thy dukedom, I can buy all of you,
Your wives and all

Juan. Sleep and be ſilent.

Caca. Speak you to your creditors,
Good Captain Halfpay, I'll not take thy pawns in.

Leon. Which of the butts is your miſtreſs? [*To Caca.*

Caca. Butt in thy belly.

Leon. There's two in thine I'm ſure, 'tis grown ſo monſtrous.

Caca. Butt in thy face.

Leon. Go, carry him to ſleep,
When he is ſober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himſelf; there will be no loſs of him.

[*Exeunt* Cacafogo *and* Servant.

Enter Perez *and* Fabritia.

Leon. Who's this? my mauhoond coſin?

Per. Good ſir, 'tis very good, would I'd a houſe too,
For there's no talking in the open air.
My termagan coz, I would be bold to tell ye,
I durſt be merry too, I tell you plainly.

You

You have a pretty ſeat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too, I have miſs'd both,
My carpenter built in a miſt I thank him,
Do me the courteſy to let me ſee it,
See it once more. But I ſhall cry for anger.
I'll hire a chandler's ſhop cloſe under ye,
And, for my foolery, ſell ſoap and wipe-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I muſt laugh a little.
And now I've done: coz, thou ſhalt live with me,
My merry coz, the world ſhall not divorce us,
Thou art a viliant man, and thou ſhalt never want:
Will this content thee?

Per. I'll cry, and then be thankful.
Indeed I will, and I'll be honeſt to ye;
I'd live a ſwallow here, I muſt confeſs.
Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honeſt,
And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

Eſtif. If I prove otherways, let me beg firſt.

Mar. Hold, this is your's, ſome recompence for ſervice,
Uſe it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is your's, your true commiſſion, ſir.
Now you're a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, ſir,
And now a ſoldier.

Juan. Sir, I ſhall wait upon you through all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Alt. And I muſt needs attend my Miſtreſs.

Leon. Will you go, ſiſter?

Alt. Yes, indeed, good brother,
I have two ties, mine own blood, and my miſtreſs,

Mar. Is ſhe your ſiſter?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,
And my beſt ſiſter, for ſhe prov'd ſo, wench,
When ſhe deceiv'd you with a loving huſband.

Alt. I would not deal ſo truly for a ſtranger,

Mar. Well. I could chide ye;
But it muſt be lovingly and like a ſiſter.——

Duke. I'll bring you on your way, and feaſt ye nobly.
For now I have an honeſt heart to love ye.

Juan. Your colours you muſt wear, and wear 'em proudly,

Wear

Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too,
And all the world ſhall know we're Virtue's ſervants
Duke. And all the world ſhall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.
Leon. All you who mean to lead a happy life,
Firſt, learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

THE END.